

# THE LEISURE HOUR

A FAMILY JOURNAL OF INSTRUCTION AND RECREATION.

"BEHOLD IN THESE WHAT LEISURE HOURS DEMAND,—AMUSEMENT AND TRUE KNOWLEDGE HAND IN HAND."—*Cowper.*



AMERICAN WOLVES IN FULL CRY.

**CEDAR CREEK;**  
FROM THE SHANTY TO THE SETTLEMENT.  
A TALE OF CANADIAN LIFE.

CHAPTER XV.—ANDY TREES A "BASTE."

Door and window were fitted into the holes cut in the front wall of the shanty; and no carpenter's 'prentice would have owned to such clumsy joinery; but Arthur was flushed with success, because the

door could positively shut, and the window could open. He even projected tables and chairs in his ambitious imagination, *en suite* with the bedstead of ironwood poles and platted basswood bark, which he had already improvised; and which couch of honour would have been awarded by common consent to Mr. Holt, had he not adhered to the hemlock-brush with all the affection of an amateur.

The great matter on the minds of our settlers

No. 480.—MARCH 7, 1861.

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PRICE ONE PENNY.

now, was the underbrushing. They might calculate on the whole month of November for their work; the beautiful dreamy November of Canada, as different from its foggy and muddy namesake in Britain as well may be. Measuring off thirty acres as next summer's fallow, by blazing the trees in a line around, took up the best part of a day; and it necessitated also a more thorough examination of Robert's domains. Such giant trees! One monarch pine must be nigh a hundred feet from root to crest. The great preponderance of maple showed that the national leaf symbol of Canada had been suitably selected.

"And is there no means," quoth Robert, who had been mentally gauging his small axe with the infinitude of forest—"is there no means of getting rid of wood without chopping it down?"

"Well, yes, some slower means still; the trees may be 'girdled'; that is, a ring of bark cut from the trunk near the base, which causes death in so far that no foliage appears next spring; consequently, the tall melancholy skeleton will preside over your crops without injury."

"Can't say I admire that plan."

"You are fastidious. Perhaps you would like 'niggers' better?"

"I thought they were contraband in any but slave states."

"Oh, these are 'niggers' inanimate—pieces of wood laid round the trunk, and set on fire where they touch it; of course the tree is burned through in process of time. These two expedients might be useful as subsidiary aids; but you perceive your grand reliance must be on the axe."

"There is no royal road to felling, any more than to learning. And when may I hope to get rid of the stumps?"

"I don't think the pine stumps ever decay; but the hardwood, or those of deciduous trees, may be hitched up by oxen and a crowbar after six or seven years; or you might burn them down."

"Hulloa! what's that?"

The exclamation was from Robert, following a much louder exclamation from Andy in advance. "He has met with some wild animal," concluded Mr. Holt. He was certainly cutting the strangest capers, and flourishing his hand as if the fingers were burnt, howling the while between rage and terror.

"You disgustin' little varmint! you dirty vagabone, to stick all them things in me hand, an' me only goin' to lay a hold on ye gentle-like, to see what sort of an outlandish baste ye was! Look, Master Robert, what he did to me wid a slap of his tail!"

Callaghan's fingers radiated handsomely with porcupine's quills, some inches long, struck in pretty strongly and deeply; and the animal himself, quite ready for further offensive warfare, crouched in the fork of a small maple, just out of reach.

"Ah, then, come down here, you unnatural baste, an' maybe I won't strip off yer purty feathers," exclaimed Andy with unction.

"Cut down the tree," suggested Arthur. But the porcupine, being more *au fait* with the ways

of the woods than these new-comers, got away among the branches into a thicket too dense for pursuit.

"They're as sharp as swords," soliloquized the sufferer, as he picked out the quills from his hand and wrist in rather gingerly fashion, and staunched the blood that followed. "Master Robert, avourneen, is he a four-footed baste or a fowl? for he has some of the signs of both on him. Wisha, good luck to the poor ould cuntry, where all our animals is dacent and respectable, since St. Patrick gev the huntin to all the varmint."

"A thrashing from a porcupine's tail would be no joke," observed Arthur.

"I've known dogs killed by it," said Mr. Holt. "The quills work into all parts of their bodies, and the barbed points make extraction very difficult."

"I believe the Indians use these in some sort of embroidery." Robert held in his hand a bunch of the quills such as had wounded Andy's fingers. "I've seen penholders of them, when I little thought I should handle the unsophisticated originals out here."

Before this time he had learned how enervating were reminiscences of home; he resolutely put away the remembrance from him now, and walked on to chop the blaze on the next tree. Breast-high the mark was cut, and at one blaze another could always be discerned ahead.

"I've a regard for the beeches and elms," quoth he, as he hacked at a hickory stem. "They are home trees; but the shrubs have chiefly foreign faces, so I can chop them down without compunction."

"All such sentimental distinctions will evaporate when you get into the spirit of your work," said his friend Sam. "Your underbrushing rule does not spare anything less than six inches in diameter; all must be cut close to the ground, and piled in heaps for the burning."

"A tolerable job to clear such a thicket as this! what a network of roots must interlace every foot of soil!"

"Rather, I should say. But the first crop will amply repay your pains, even though your wheat and Indian corn struggle into existence through stumps and interlacing roots. Then there's the potash—thirty dollars a barrel for second quality: less than two and a half acres of hard wood timber will produce a barrel."

"I don't quite understand."

"Next summer, after your logging-bee, you'll know what I mean. This creek is as if 'twas made on purpose for an ashery."

"By the way, here's my site for a town plot:" as they came to a fine natural cascade over a granite barrier, after which plunge the stream hurried down the slope towards the beaver meadow. "Water-power for half a dozen mills going to waste there, Holt."

"Let's give it a name," sang out Arthur—"this our city of magnificent intentions."

"I hope you won't call it Dublin on the Liffey," said Mr. Holt. "How I hate those imported names—sinking our nationality in a ludicrous parody on English topography—such as London on the Thames, Windsor, Whitby, Woodstock; while the

language that furnished 'Toronto,' 'Quebec,' 'Ottawa,' lies still unexplored as a mine of musical nomenclature."

"In default of an Indian name," said Robert, "let us call our future settlement after the existing fact—CEDAR CREEK."

"And posterity can alter, if it chooses," rejoined Arthur. "All right. Now I'll cut down this birch where the post-office is to stand hereafter;" and a few sturdy blows of his axe prostrated the young tree. "When I'm writing to Linda, I shall date from Cedar Creek, which will give her an exalted idea of our location: at the same time, she'll be convinced it is situate on the seashore, if I forget to say that in Canada every stream is a 'creek.'"

"Our people have an absurd partiality for what they imagine 'handsome names,'" said Mr. Holt. "Not satisfied with giving their children the most far-fetched they can discover—for instance, we have a maid Armenia, at Maple Grove, and I could not resist designating her brother as Ararat, by way of localizing their relationship—but also the young settlements of the country have often the most bombastic names. In the backwoods, one time, I found a party of honest settlers in a tavern over an old romance, searching for some sufficiently high-sounding title to confer on their cluster of cabins."

"I was amused to find that Jack Bunting's eldest son is called Nimrod, familiarized to 'Nim,'" said Robert. "I never saw a more remarkable likeness to a parent, in body and mind, than that youth exhibits: every tuft of ragged beard and every twinkle of the knowing little eyes are to match."

Nearing the shanty, they heard a sound as of one making merry, and espied in the window the glow of a glorious fire. Within, Peter Logan was making himself at home, cooking his dinner, while he trilled a Yankee ditty at the top of his powerful voice.

No manner of apology for having opened their cellar, and made free with their barrel of pork, did he seem to think necessary; but when his meal was finished, he inquired abruptly why they hadn't built their chimney of "cats?" "For I reckon this stick chimney will blaze up some night," added he.

Robert hearkened at that startling intimation.

"Mine is of cats," said Mr. Logan. "Cats is clay," he continued sententiously, "kinder like straw an' clay mixed up. I guess I'll stay an' help you to fix one to-morrow, if you've a mind to."

With rugged but real kindness, he took a day from his hunting excursion for the purpose. The framework of the new chimney was of four upright poles, set in one corner of the shanty, and laced across by rungs of wood, round which the clay was well kneaded, and plastered inside. An opening three feet high was left for the fireplace in front. Peter promised that by and by the clay would burn hard and red, like tilework.

"I wonder you have not built yourself a handsome house, before now," said Mr. Wynn, "instead of that handsome barn; why you live in a shanty, while your corn is in a frame building, puzzles me."

"Ay," assented the settler, "but the frame barn is paving the way for the frame house, I calculate: Benny 'll have both; and for the present I'd sooner have my crops comfortable than myself;" a persuasion which Robert afterwards found to be rooted in common sense, for the Canadian climate permits not of stacks or ricks wintering in the open air.

After his usual unmannerly fashion, Mr. Logan bade no farewell, but shouldered his gun at some hour prior to daybreak, and, knapsack on back, left the sleeping camp by the light of a young moon.

#### CHAPTER XVI.—A MIDNIGHT REVEILLE.

Now it happened that about noon, while Arthur was "brushing" at a short distance from the shanty, he noticed a pack of grouse among the underwood, within shot. Dropping his axe, he ran home for the gun, which stood loaded in one corner.

It was not altogether the sportsman's organ of destructiveness, (for he had never forgotten little Jay's lesson on that head,) but probably a growing dislike to the perpetualness of pork, that urged him to an unrelenting pursuit. Cautiously he crept through the thickets, having wafted an unavailing sigh for the pointer he had left at Dunore, his companion over many a fallow and stubble field, who would greatly have simplified this business. Unconsciously he crossed the blazed side-line of the lot, into the dense cover beyond, tantalized by glimpses of game, which never came near enough for good aim. "I must regularly stalk them," thought Arthur.

Noiselessly creeping on, he was suddenly brought to by an unexpected sight. The head and horns of a noble buck were for a moment visible through the thicket. Arthur's heart throbbed in his ears as he stood perfectly motionless. Grouse were utterly forgotten in the vision of venison. With every sense concentrated in his eyes, he watched the brush which screened the browsing deer. By a slight crackling of twigs presently, he was made aware that the animal was moving forward; he crept in the same direction. The leaves had been damped by a shower two hours since, and the cloudy day permitted them to retain moisture, or their crispness might have betrayed his tread.

Ha! a dried stick on which he inadvertently set his foot, snapped across. The splendid shy eyes of the deer looked round in alarm, as he bounded away. A shot rang though the forest after him, waking such a clamour of jays and crows and woodpeckers, that Arthur wished them all choked together: they seemed exulting over his failure. Bestowing a vengeful kick on the dried timber which had caused this mischance, he pressed on the track of the deer impetuously. He could not believe that his shot had missed altogether, though the white tail had been erected so defiantly; which "showing of the white feather," as the Canadian sportsman calls it, is a sign that the animal is unwounded.

But four feet had much the advantage of two in the chase. One other glimpse of the flying deer, as he came out on the brow of a ridge, was all that Arthur was favoured with. Some partridge got

up, and this time he was more successful; he picked up a bird, and turned homewards.

Homewards! After walking a hundred yards or so, he paused. Had he indeed gone back on his own track? for he had never seen this clump of pines before. He could not have passed it previously without notice of its sombre shade and massive boles. He would return a little distance, and look for the path his passage must have made in brushing through the thickets.

Brought to a stand again. This time by a small creek gurgling deeply beneath matted shrubs. He had gone wrong—must have diverged from his old course. More carefully than before, he retraced his way to the pine-clump, guided by the unmistakable black plumage of the tree-tops. There he stood, to think what he should do.

The sky was quite obscured: it had been so all the morning. No guidance was to be hoped for from the position of the sun. He had heard something of the moss on the trees growing chiefly at the north side; but on examination, these pines seemed equally mossed everywhere. What nonsense! surely he must be close to his own path. He would walk in every direction till he crossed the track.

Boldly striking out again, and looking closely for footmarks on the soft ground, he went along some distance; here and there turned out of his straight course by a thicket too dense for penetration, till before him rose pine-tops again. Could it be? The same pines he had left!

He covered his eyes in bewilderment. Having stood on the spot for several minutes previously, he could not be mistaken. Yet he could have sworn that he was proceeding in a direction diametrically opposite, for the last quarter of an hour, while he must have been going round in a circle. Now, indeed, he felt that he was lost in the woods.

Poor Arthur's mind was a sort of blank for some minutes. All the trees seemed alike—his memory seemed obliterated. What horrid bewilderment had possession of his faculties? Shutting him in, as by the walls of a living tomb, the great frowning forest stood on all sides. A mariner on a plank in mid-ocean could not have felt more hopeless and helpless.

Rousing himself with a shake from the numb chill sensation which had begun to paralyze exertion, he thought that, if he could reach the little creek before mentioned, he might pursue its course, as it probably fell into their own lake at the foot of the Cedars. Keeping the pine-tops in a right line behind him, he succeeded in striking the creek, and discovering which way it flowed. After pushing his way some hours along a path of innumerable difficulties, he found himself, in the waning light, at the edge of a cypress swamp.

Almost man though he was, he could have sat down and cried. Blackest night seemed to nestle under those matted boughs, and the sullen gleams of stagnant water—the plash of a frog jumping in—the wading birds that stalked about—told him what to expect if he went farther. At the same instant a gleam of copper sunset struck across the heavens on the tops of the evergreens, and the west

was not in the direction that the wanderer had imagined; he now easily calculated that he had all this time been walking *from* home instead of towards it.

Strange to say, a ray of hope was brought upon that sunbeam, even coupled with the conviction that he had been hitherto so woefully astray. Tomorrow might be bright; (and to all the wanderers in this world the anchor is to-morrow); he would be able to guide his course by the sun, and would come all right.

But a night in the woods must precede: he had hardly time to collect firewood before darkness would fall. Going back a little to find a dry spot, he searched for balsam-fir and cedar-bark as the most inflammable materials, and soon had the pleasure of seeing the flame stealing up among his fuel, lit by the priming of his gun. Now was the poor partridge that hung by its heels to his belt brought into requisition for supper. He had never cooked anything in his life before, and was sorely puzzled as to procedure, in the absence of all the usual appliances. Finally, becoming cruelly hungry, he roasted it in the ashes whole, taking the hint from some reminiscence of Polynesian travels.

And what were they doing at home at this hour? Poor Bob must be in miserable anxiety. Sam Holt would be sure to guess, though, what had befallen him. Were they out looking for the missing one, camping somewhere in the forest also? He thought, if so, he would have heard some shots. What a deep silence pervaded the air! What a heavy darkness! Hark!

The very distant baying of some wild creatures. Arthur had heard it before, off the coast of Labrador. It was the howling of wolves. He reloaded his gun, and heaped on fresh firewood. This was an unforeseen danger. Anew into his heart settled the sense of helplessness and loneliness. Up to the black starless heavens he looked through the overshadowing boughs; and all at once the thought of the nearness of God, the Mighty, the Sleepless, became more tangible to Arthur than ever it had been. Why not ask Him for what he needed?—protection, and an escape from the maze of forest? People in the Bible had been granted the things that they asked; and God was the same still.

Arthur stood up, and, perhaps for the first time, prayed a genuine prayer, being a petition for the supply of heartfelt needs. Aloud he prayed; no human voice but his own for miles on miles of dense forest; no listener but the great Being whose presence he felt as he never had felt before.

That prayer made him more comfortable. The consciousness of the interest and regard of a higher Power came upon his mind with a calming reassuring influence. He concluded to spend the night in a tree near his fire for fear of the wolves, and selected a fine branching cedar for his dormitory. Laying his gun securely in one of the forks, and coiling himself up as snugly as possible, where four boughs radiated from the trunk, about twenty feet from the ground, he settled himself to sleep as in an arm-chair, with the great hushing silence of the forest around him. Unusual as his circumstances were, he was soon wrapt in a dreamless slumber.

He woke with a violent start. Filling all the air above, around, beneath, the wildest yells, the most unearthly din, burst upon his ear. Arthur's senses were stupified for the moment. His distended eyeballs glared down through the darkness, and presently he had a vision—a wretched deer bounding away with the energy of despair in every spring, and on his track a throng of gaunt red-throated destroyers, wolves, in full cry.

## MUDIE'S.

FOR a number of years past, the name which stands at the head of this article has been growing more and more widely diffused, and more and more familiar in the mouths of the reading public. It greets us now, whichever way we turn—within doors and without, at our firesides in winter, at the tables of our friendly hosts when we visit, in our country trips and excursions, and on summer sea-side rambles. It is a part of the nomenclature of our domestic circles at all seasons, and whenever we hear it mentioned it is associated with some agreeable recollection or pleasant anticipation. Not a few of us, probably, have ceased to connect it with any idea of an individual; it is rather to us the representative of an inexhaustible store of recreative literature—a never-failing quarry of entertainment and information of all kinds, ever available for our use.

We call to remembrance a very different state of things as regards books, in the domain of home, and the domestic appreciation of them; for we have recollections, dating very far back, of the old-fashioned circulating libraries—of the days when the romance, gory and ghostly, and the novel, too often indecent and immoral, formed the principal if not the sole stock of the proprietors. These were clad in one stereotyped uniform of marbled paper covers; and although they were constantly circulating, they may be said, so far as the more staid and sober part of the community meddled with them, to have circulated rather surreptitiously than openly. Even if the fashionable fair one read novels, she did not always care to make a boast of so doing; if she pulled the check-string and drew up at the library for them, it was perhaps with the ostensible purpose of purchasing stationery, or even of giving orders for a new dress; for the marble-papered volumes were sometimes seen in those days ranged on the shelves of the mantuamaker, and Miss Gopher, who dabbled quite as much in sentiment as she did in quilted satin, was a distinguished judge of the merits of fashionable authors as well as of fashions. The capacious muff of those days was a convenient receptacle for three delicious volumes; and we have known them to be sent home in a parcel purporting to contain stuffs and bombazines. Frequently my lady's Abigail was the medium of transport, and then there was no attempt at disguising facts, as she would be pretty sure to dip into them, and pounce upon the tender passages, as she carried them through the streets.

It was in those days that reading first became a passion with us; and we remember well that the marble-covered books were expressly and most

strictly forbidden—and not without reason, though we were sometimes guilty of transgressions against the parental law. With shame now we remember the contrivances to smuggle the contraband literature indoors. Once within the house, by hook or by crook, we had to lug it off secretly to some garret or lumber-room, there to "snatch a fearful joy" in devouring it alone.

Thanks to an improved moral tone in our popular writers, the youth of our time have less temptation to practise such evasions. The supervision which their forefathers often exercised in vain, has become far less necessary than it was in their time; partly because the critical censors of the present day are less tolerant of immoral and questionable productions than their predecessors were, but chiefly because the public, which is the arbiter of a writer's reputation and fortune, will resent in an emphatic way any marked laxity in morals or breach of the social proprieties. It is, in fact, owing to the improved common sentiment of the paying classes of the people, that, while books have multiplied so amazingly within the last two or three decades, they have become to so large a degree the instruments of good and not of evil: not, however, but what there is still abundant room for improvement in this respect.

Standing in front of Mudie's counter, in that huge intellectual repository, (which, by the way, confronts its material antithesis, the grandiose slop emporium of Messrs. Moses,) one sees something of the operation of the great circulating system of which this is the centre, and something too which is very different from the experiences of those old days in the same walk. It is not madame, with her capacious and convenient muff, or the tripping Abigail in second-hand finery, who summons with a tap-tap on the counter the spectacled bibliopole from the back parlour, and whispers a solicitation for the third volume of the "Mystery of the Haunted Dell;" but it is all the world and all the world's wife, in want of everything worth reading that has been published for these seven years past, keeping the swivelled doors in a perpetual swing, and a dozen or two of minigrant Mercuries perpetually on the alert. Books of all dimensions and hues are raining in and rippling out under a system of registration, by means of little scraps of paper hurriedly written, which are the vouchers for delivery. The applicants are the young and the old—the well-dressed and the "seedy"—the clergyman, the student, the author, the critic—forming a large section of the ever-reading and seldom-purchasing public. Then there are the representatives of May Fair and Belgravia, in the shape of a file of tall footmen, each with a whole shelf of mauve and magenta-coloured volumes, for which each expects and intends to carry away the change in a corresponding number of new ones, the list of which he has brought with him. Subscribers, or their messengers, who have trudged a long distance, are resting on the benches and looking on until their turn comes. Others, who have not made up their mind what to read next, are poring over the catalogue, and endeavouring to come to a decision. Meanwhile, the business does not slacken; books come in and go out as fast as

ever; carriages draw up at the door, and gentle-folks alight to execute their own commissions and choose for themselves. It seems odd, amidst such a continuous influx of counter business, to hear no jingling of cash; but that is a sound which one has no objection to miss.

After all, this continuous influx and reflux over the counter gives but an imperfect and probably inadequate notion of the extent of the circulation radiating from this point. Much of the business is done by correspondence instead of personal application; thousands of the books travel by rail, and cargoes are daily delivered in the suburbs of the metropolis by flying carts. Then there are the suburban agencies, where the well-known yellow label figures in the window, and invites you to the perusal of a new work almost before the newspapers have made you aware of its publication.

The subscribers to Mudie's are not merely individuals, reading for pleasure or profit; they are families; they are friendly co-operating coteries, who combine together to pay the subscription, and pass on the books from one to another; they are societies for mutual instruction; they are publishers distributing the books among their compilers and editors; they are institutes, reading-rooms, book-clubs, business-clubs, and social-clubs; they are bankers subscribing for the benefit of their clerks, and they are heads of establishments concerned in the intellectual advancement of their "hands" and employées. Looking to the nature of the reading appetite, and recognising what a devouring element it is, we may be sure that when demands of such a multitudinous kind have to be met, it is not a limited selection from the literature of the country that will satisfy them; and the difficulty must be with the man who caters for all classes of readers, and who is expected to provide nearly everything that issues from the press—not what he shall choose, so much as what, for the sake of the general well-being, he shall reject. When Perthes, the famous Hamburg patriot and bookseller, first began business, he formed a resolution, which he never allowed to be shaken, that he would for no consideration be the instrument of producing or of circulating a work of questionable tendency. Whether Mr. Mudie has adopted any similar resolution we do not pretend to know; but it would appear, from a late discussion in the literary organs of the day, that he has had the temerity to exercise some sort of supervision over the works he circulates, and, for reasons which we should be the last to impeach, has declined to place certain volumes upon his shelves. We cannot see that this affords to any man a just ground of complaint. A librarian, like any other tradesman, has a right to deal in what wares he chooses, and, if he have extraordinary facilities for disseminating them, is not only justified in making such a use of his facilities as shall be concordant with his own sense of right, but is morally bound so to do: he would not be an honest man if he did otherwise. It is open to objectors to such a course, to organize machinery for the dissemination of their own opinions and principles, if they choose: if they are wronged, the public will assuredly set them right.

But we have no desire to enter the arena in this battle of the books.

Of the number of volumes which form the floating stock of this everybody's library, we can form not even an approximate idea, much less of the numbers annually passing from hand to hand. Some notion, however, of the amount of business may be gathered from the fact that frequently a large edition of a popular work is required for the use of this house alone. Sometimes as many as from two to three thousand copies have not been more than sufficient to meet the demand; and even of works quite ephemeral in their character, hundreds of copies often have to be purchased.

To meet the requirements of the increasing business, a large hall has lately been added to the premises, and appropriated to exclusively business purposes. It is an elegant structure in the Ionic style of architecture, affording space for some fifteen to twenty thousand volumes on the shelves, which run round the walls and galleries above.

It is not easy to estimate at once the influence and effects of such an establishment as this. Perhaps no mere business speculation ever before produced results so pervading and so generally agreeable. After having Mudie in the house for the last ten years—often the last guest at night, and frequently the first in the morning—by the fireside in winter, by the open garden window and under the talking foliage in summer; after travelling with him abroad, and sulking with him at home—after reading hundreds of volumes which, but for him, we should never have had the chance of reading at all—we sometimes ask ourselves what we should do without him? Really we don't know; one thing we must do—we must make more use of that Museum Reading-room ticket which has grown almost mouldy in our pocket; for we should not be able to transport the advantages of the Museum to our arm-chair at home.

## "FAST" AND "STEADY;"

OR, THE CAREER OF TWO CLERKS.

PLATE IV.—SCENE THE FIRST.

"BLESSED is the man that walketh not in the counsel of the ungodly, nor standeth in the way of sinners, nor sitteth in the seat of the scornful. But his delight is in the law of the Lord; and in his law doth he meditate day and night."

"There is no time," says a writer, whom we venture to quote, "in which a youth feels more sensibly the difference between home and abroad than the sabbath. On other days his mind is occupied; he has no time to draw comparisons; and, besides, he knows that he has entered on a new kind of life, and he expects on those days all the difference that he finds. But not so on the sabbath. He looks for the same enjoyments, the same intercourse, the same occupations, and, it may be, the same restraints; but he looks in vain. He finds himself alone."

Here is Frank Speedwell, for instance. It would be hard to say how often, since he has been in London (and that we may set down as two or

three years, more or less), his thoughts have wandered—no, **not** wandered, but naturally turned towards his home down in Somerville, especially on Sunday mornings. For the Speedwells down there are, and always have been, considered very precise sort of people. In other words, they answer pretty closely to the description given in an old Book, of certain members of the same family who lived, it may be, some two or three thousand years ago; who turned away their feet on the sabbath from doing their own pleasure and speaking their own words; and called the day a delight, the holy of the Lord, and honourable; and who declared that they were glad when it was said to them, "Let us go into the house of the Lord."

No doubt these ancient Speedwells, like the modern ones, were looked upon by the Littlewits of their day as "very precise sort of people." But, somehow or other, it has happened that they have never had any reason to repent of their precision in this particular, because the laugh (if we may be allowed such an expression) has always been on their side. Just in proportion as they have kept to their peculiarly singular principles and practice, they have been generally prosperous, and certainly happy. While their delight has been in the law of the Lord, they have been "like trees planted by the rivers of water, that bring forth their fruit in their season; their leaves also have not withered, and whatsoever they have done has prospered." This may be questioned, or denied, perhaps, by the Littlewits, who may even bring forward some contradictory proofs and instances, as they may imagine; but this will be because they see things only on the surface. "Whoso is wise shall understand these things; prudent, and he shall know them. For the ways of the Lord are right; and the just shall walk in them."

Now Frank Speedwell, having before him the example and precepts of so many past as well as present generations of Speedwells, very properly and wisely determined within himself that he would not neglect the public worship of God until he had discovered some better method of profitably employing the time; and, as we see him now evidently at home in this old-fashioned way of acknowledging his Maker, we may take for granted that the newer and better method has not yet been found out by him. You may also take for granted that Frank has immediately been pretty considerably "chaffed" by his business associate, young Littlewit, on this score, and that, more than ever, Fred sneers at Frank's saintliness.

We are now at liberty to turn to the scene which our artist has placed before us. There are a few prominent points which we might dwell upon; but perhaps it is not necessary. We would have you remark, however, (since they stand in the foreground,) that three generations are aptly represented in one not uninteresting group, reminding us of the words in a Divine canticle, "Praise the Lord from the earth; both young men and maidens, old men and children; let them praise the name of the Lord, for his name alone is excellent: his glory is above the earth and heaven." And so here we perceive the old grandmother, her

son, and her grandchild, however wide apart in thought, feeling, and experience they in some respects may be from each other, can, as we hope, make melody in their hearts together in His courts and His presence who has declared that, though dwelling in the high and holy place, and inhabiting eternity, yet he dwells also with those who are of a humble and contrite spirit, and who tremble at and reverence his word.

And we would have you remark, reader, what will scarcely have escaped your observant eye, that the son of the old woman, and father of the child, is of no very high rank in society. To-morrow you will find him at the workman's bench—a journeyman mechanic, nothing more—nor less. But you will observe, also, how he exemplifies, in his degree, the words of the old prophet to whom we have referred, as well as those of a later inspired writer, namely, that "godliness is profitable unto all things; having promise of the life that now is, and of that which is to come." At any rate, you will not deny that he cuts a better figure than his fellow workman is likely to do—he, we mean, who visits another sort of temple on Sunday, and worships at the shrine of Saint Monday.

We hope, by the way, that the poor overgrown boy, partly hidden by the old lady's shawl, and who is evidently afflicted with the disease of fat, and ravenous hunger, is not one of this family. We should think not.

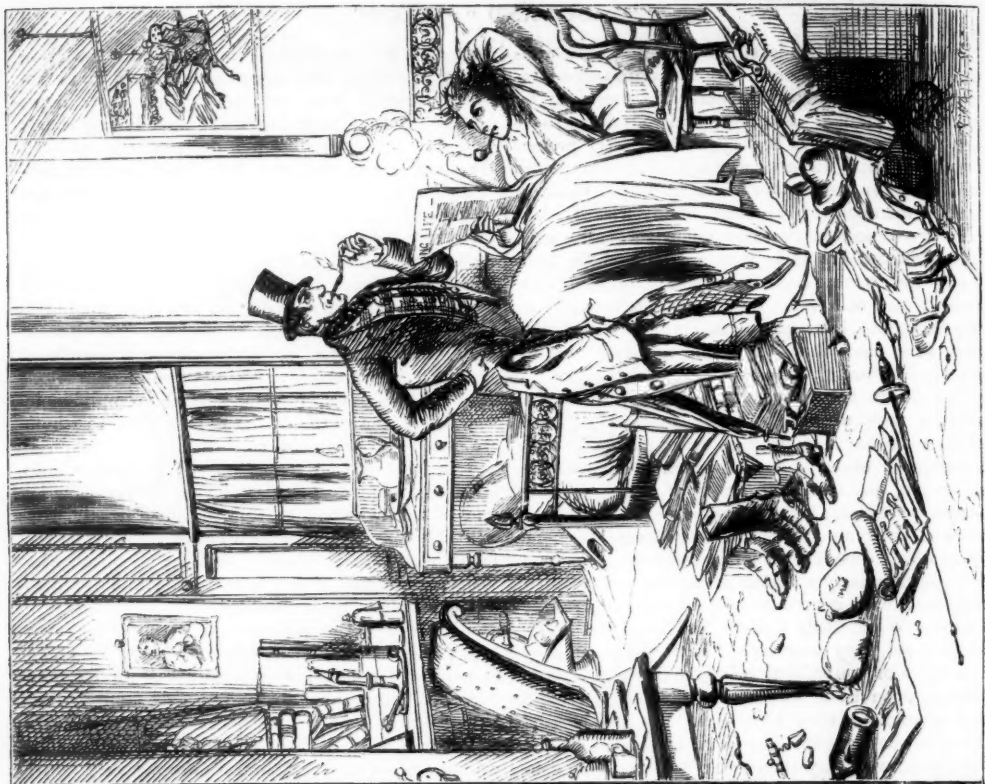
But now, with regard to Frank Speedwell, whom we have not quite forgotten, we are not very sure; but let us think, though. There is an old metrical psalm, with which, possibly, Frank may be familiar, which runs in this wise:—

"How did my heart rejoice to hear  
My friends devoutly say,  
In Zion let us all [both] appear,  
And keep the solemn day."

Now, supposing that the very dear friend at his left elbow "devoutly" tendered this invitation, we do not see very well how he could have evaded it, even if he had wished. And as the wary merchant and his watchful, anxious lady have not set their faces against "dear Sarah's" occasionally walking to the house of God in company, we do not see, reader, what business you or we have to interfere. "Honi soit qui mal y pense." We hope and believe they will be profited by the forthcoming discourse, and that it may prove, in respect of them, that "they that be planted in the house of the Lord shall flourish in the courts of our God."

#### SCENE THE SECOND.

Be pleased, reader, now to accompany us to a far different scene—Fred Littlewit's apartment at his lodgings, to wit. The day, of course, is Sunday, and the time somewhere approaching to high noon. Indeed, our artist evidently intends us to understand that, while Frank Speedwell is improving "the day that God has blessed," his fellow clerk, Littlewit, jaded with the pleasures of sin, in the pursuit of which his leisure hours during the past week were spent, and which already begin to pall upon his distempered passions, is striving to recover his spirits by the sluggard's panacea.



TWO WAYS OF SPENDING SUNDAY EVENING

There is an old proverb, "Tell me the company a man keeps, and I'll tell you what manner of man he is." We cannot improve upon this; but we may add, as a corollary, "Show us a young man's chamber, and we will show you his character." Here we have both company and chamber. Please to look at young Littlewit himself, and then glance round at his accessories. You observe that he has in one hand his favourite oracle, the newspaper which tells of London life—the bad phases of it—while the other is thrown back wearily under his dizzy head. You see the now familiar short pipe in his mouth, reeking like a furnace. The habit grows upon him, no doubt, and he has taken to smoking in bed. Fred has become quite a connoisseur in pipes by this time, as you may see by casting your eyes on to the floor; and if that be not a cigar-box of two pounds' weight, on which the disused pipes are lying, we are greatly deceived.

What a Sybarite the poor infatuated youth is! Where shall we begin our inventory of the numerous indications we have before us of his tastes and habits? Shall it be with the empty bottle and corkscrew under his table, and the companion bottle above? Well, you see by these that he has taken long strides in dissipation. There is little hope of him now. A gay *social* youth may be reclaimed; but he who takes his drinks in his solitary chamber, what verdict can be expected for him, but—"He has joined himself to idols: let him alone."

And our artist has left us no room to doubt of his meaning here: look at the soda-water bottle and tumbler by his bedside! the corrective morning draught, to cool the inflamed throat and steady the disordered brain and nerves before rising. You know what this means; and if this be not "making provision for the flesh, to fulfil the lusts thereof," we know not what can be.

But we have other matters before us, and pass on. Those odd-looking, stuffed-out bags on the floor, near the table leg and empty bottle; you wonder, gentle and fair reader, what these mean. Be pleased to understand that they are our young clerk's boxing-gloves. He has availed himself, no doubt, of his stable groom friend's introductions, elsewhere referred to, and is as much at home at the Five's Court, and at certain hostelrys kept by retired or decayed pugilists, as at the billiard-table, where we last saw him. He has learned to cant about "the noble art of self-defence;" and, if you will listen to him, he will favour you with a whole vocabulary of slang, purposely devised to conceal the brutality and inherent barbarism of the prize-ring.

"Cant!"

Yes, cant. The term has been long enough applied exclusively to godliness as a by-word and a reproach. But bear in mind, or take it into your serious consideration, reader, that there is the cant of wickedness as well as the cant of piety; and of the two it is vastly the more disgusting.

Our space is filled, and yet a little more must be crowded in, for this young man's chamber is an admirably suggestive study; but we must pass over with brief remark the negligent scattering around of clothing, the portable dressing-case, half open, the apparently unopened letters on the carpet (un-

opened, perhaps, because Fred knows very well that they are dunning epistles); and the phial of "doctor's stuff" on the distant table, which tells a tale, not easily to be misunderstood, of the penalty exacted by dissipation of its votaries, in impaired health and premature debility. We pass over these, merely observing that they are all indications of character which may be met with in many a young man's lodgings, premonitory of the end; and we can afford but a momentary glance at the litter of books at the bed foot, (what are their contents, we wonder?) and the framed and glazed picture over the bed's head, of the last celebrated race at Ascot or Epsom.

But young Littlewit is not alone. Mephistopheles is at his elbow: he has looked in, probably to inform his young and ready disciple of some choice opportunity of doing a little business in secret; and we can imagine the words as they have just dropped from his lying, flattering tongue, to have taken some such form as this: "Come with us; let us lay wait—let us lurk privily for the innocent—let us swallow them up—we shall find precious substance—we shall fill our houses with spoil." And the guilty, infatuated youth listens complacently to the vile tempter, unmindful of the emphatic warning: "My son, if sinners entice thee, consent thou not: walk not in the way with them; refrain thy feet from their path; for their feet run to evil."

And observe, reader, the stamp and mark which sin is sure to set upon its votaries and the devil's emissaries. Looking at the debased and animal countenance of Mephistopheles, (made debased and animal by vice and not by nature,) you would be inclined to say, "Surely in vain the net is spread in the sight of any bird." Alas, alas! the same evil courses which debase and set a mark upon the hoary tempter, blind the eyes and understanding of those who are willingly tempted.

And here we drop the curtain; soon to be drawn up again on other, though, perhaps, not sadder scenes in the history of this foolish youth. Oh, could we but whisper in his ear now, the prophetic warning: "There is a way which seemeth right unto a man, but the end thereof are the ways of death." "Rejoice, O young man, in thy youth; and let thine heart cheer thee in the days of thy youth; and walk in the ways of thine heart, and in the sight of thine eyes; but know thou, that for all these things God will bring thee into judgment."

But would he listen? He has been often reprov'd; and "he who, being often reprov'd, hardeneth his neck, shall suddenly be destroyed, and that without remedy."

## THE LAKE REGION OF EASTERN AFRICA.

SCARCELY a year passes without some additional light being thrown upon the obscurity which has so long enveloped the central African region, respecting which so many fables have been circulated, and so many expectations cherished. Geographical research, commercial speculations, colo-

nizing enterprise, missionary zeal—each and all point to this *terra incognita* as a spot of the deepest interest. What, then, has the last traveller from these hitherto unexplored regions to tell us respecting their nature and inhabitants? Some answer to this question we propose to offer to our readers.

In the year 1857 an expedition was sent out by the Royal Geographical Society, for the purpose of ascertaining the limits of the Sea of Ujiji, or the Tanganyika Lake, a large sheet of inland water about the size of the Caspian, declared by the Arabs to lie some twenty marches, or 276 miles, westward beyond Unyamwezi, or the far-famed Land of the Moon. A second object of the expedition was to determine the exportable produce of those districts, and a third, to gain information respecting the ethnography of its tribes. Captain Burton, the leader of the party, an officer of the Indian army, and the same celebrated explorer who has penetrated to Mecca, disguised as a Mahometan pilgrim, has given us the result of his African investigations in two volumes, full of graphic descriptions and perilous adventure.

Embarking from the Island of Zanzibar and landing at Kaole, a small settlement on the eastern coast, the aspect of the country appears to be peculiarly interesting. A profuse vegetation, the result of tropical suns and copious showers, clothes the soil; forests of white and red mangrove stretch over the alluvial plain; and beyond rises a blue line of higher level, marking the frontiers of wild districts, inhabited by half-caste Arabs and Coast clans, who retain amidst their semi-civilization many habits and customs derived from the most degraded savages. One important difficulty in East African travelling appears to arise from the mutinous dispositions of native escorts, porters, and servants. On six different occasions of emergency, large numbers of Captain Burton's hired men deserted him; and he is led to the conviction that the best escort for a European would be a small party of Arabs fresh from Hazramant, and untainted in the ways and tongues of Africa.

From Kaole the route lies to Unyamwebe, the central province of the Land of the Moon, and the great meeting-place for merchants, whence their caravans, laden with cotton, cloth, beads, and wire penetrate into the surrounding districts, or carry down ivory and slaves to the coast.

Burton and his companions endured great hardships and encountered perils innumerable in this adventurous journey. They were often prostrated by attacks of fever, and suffered from ophthalmia, which enclouded objects as by a misty veil. On leaving the maritime districts, which are peopled by two distinct races, the half-caste Arabs, and the Wawrina, or Coast clans, the expedition struck westwards into the Kingani and Mgeta valleys, where the narrow footpaths connecting the villages often plunge into dark and dense tunnels formed by overarching branches and boughs, which delay the file of laden porters. Merchants traverse such spots with trembling, as a caravan may be easily plundered by some of the barbarous tribes who tenant these regions. After halting at Zugomero, the expedition crossed the East African Ghauts.

"Truly delicious," remarks Captain Burton, "was the escape from the cruel climate of the river valley to the pure sweet mountain air, and to the aspect of clear blue skies. Dull mangrove, dismal jungle, and monotonous grass were supplanted by tall solitary trees, amongst which the lofty tamarind rose graceful; and a swamp, cut by a network of streams, nullahs, and stagnant pools, gave way to dry healthy slopes, with short steep pitches and gently shelving hills. The beams of the large sun of the equator—and nowhere have I seen the rulers of night and day so large—danced gaily upon blocks and pebbles of red, yellow, and dazzling snowy quartz, and the bright sea-breeze waved the summits of the trees, from which depended graceful lianas, and wood-apples, large as melons, whilst creepers, like vine tendrils, rising from large bulbs of brown-grey wood, clung closely to their stalwart trunks. Monkeys played at hide and seek, chattering behind the bolls as the iguana, with its painted scale-armour, issued forth to bask upon the sunny bank; white-breasted ravens cawed when disturbed from their perching places; doves cooed on the well-clothed boughs, and hawks soared high in the transparent sky. The field cricket chirped like the Italian cicala in the shady bush, and everywhere, from air, from earth, from the hill slopes above, and from the marshes below, the hum, the buzz, and the loud continuous voice of insect life, through the length of the day, spoke out its natural joy. Our Gipsy encampment lay

'By shallow rivers, to whose falls  
'Melodious birds sing madrigals.'

"By night, the soothing murmurs of the stream at the hill's base rose mingled with the faint rustling of the breeze, which at times, broken by the scream of the night-heron, the bellow of the bull-frog in his swampy home, the cynhyena's whimper, and the fox's whining bark, sounded through the silence most musical, most melancholy. Instead of the cold night rain, and the southing of the blast, the view disclosed a peaceful scene, the moonbeams lying like sheets of snow upon the ruddy highlands, and the stars hanging like lamps of gold from the dome of infinite blue. I never wearied with contemplating the scene; for, contrasting with the splendours around me, still stretched in sight the Slough of Despond, unhappy Zugomero, lead-coloured above, mud-coloured below, wind-swept, fog-veiled, and deluged by clouds that dared not approach these delectable mountains."

This high region extends from 37° to 36° east longitude, and is eighty-five miles in breadth. It is traversed by two main lines; and should Europeans ever settle in Eastern Africa as merchants or missionaries, it appears they might reside here with advantage until acclimatized for the interior. The chief clan now inhabiting this district is the Wasagara, a noisy and riotous race of mountaineers. They display great varieties of complexion, some being almost black, whilst others are chocolate-coloured. Each village has its head man, who, however, owns imperfect allegiance to the district chief. The young men and warriors adorn their locks, we are told, with the feathers of vultures, ostriches, and a variety of bright-plumed jays, and some tribes

twist each ringlet with a string of reddish fibre. They distend the ear-lobe, till it serves for a variety of purposes foreign to the member; it often carries a cane snuff box, or a goat's horn, and in old age it hangs in a deformed loop to the shoulders.

It was in this district that the tembe or hollow village was observed for the first time, and is an effective feature in African scenery. It appears, from afar, like a short line of raised earth. The form is a hollow square or oblong, with curves, projections, and semicircles. Where timber is scarce, the walls are composed of clods loosely put together, mimosa trunks, or stout stakes. Where trees abound, the tembe is surrounded by a separate palisade of young unbarked trunks, capped here and there with cattle skulls, blocks of wood, grass wisps, and other talismans. Occasionally this is hedged with a high thick fence, even doubled or trebled, of pea-green milk bush, which looks pretty and refreshing, and is ditched outside with a deep trench serving as a drain. An exterior booth is sometimes added, where the men work at the forge,\* or sit in the shade, and where the women husk, pound, and cook their grain. The general roof of the tembe is composed of mud and clay heaped upon grass, thickly strewn over a framework of rafters, supported by the long walls. Bark bins of grain, gourds, old pots, firewood, water melons, mushroom, and other articles, are placed on the roof to ripen or dry in the sun. In each external side of the square, one or two door-ways are pierced; these are jealously closed at sunset, after which hour not a villager dares to stir from his home till morning. The inner tenements are divided from one another by party-walls, each house having two rooms, which vary in length from twenty to fifty feet, and in depth from twelve to fifteen. After further description of this tembe, Captain Burton mentions that in the central court stands the little mzimu or fetiss hut, to receive the oblations of the superstitious. Their faith in magic is nearly universal. Near the fetiss hut handfuls of grain or small pots of pombe are placed, to propitiate ghosts and defend the crops from injury. Witchcraft is practised by thousands, with the firmest conviction of their own power, though frightful tortures await the wizard or witch who is condemned for the destruction of chief or elder. If questioned concerning the giver of his daily bread, the African will point with a devotional aspect towards the light of day; and, if asked what caused the death of his brother, will reply, "Jna," or "Rimme," the sun. He has not, like the Kafir, a holiday at the epoch of the new moon; like the Moslem, however, on first seeing it

he rises and claps his hands in tokens of obeisance. The only approach to image-worship seemed to exist in one district, where rude carving was attempted on the massive posts at the entrance of the village.

The habits of burying slaves with the deceased, of carrying provisions to graves, and of lighting fires on cold nights near the last resting-places of the departed, prevail throughout Eastern and Western Africa. How far these customs point out a belief in a future state of existence it seems difficult to determine.

But the limits of this paper will not permit us to linger amongst the Usagura mountain tribes, or to accompany the travellers across the interminable jungles, or through the ill-omened forest that separated them from the frontiers of the Land of the Moon.

On the 7th of November, 1857, the expedition entered Kazeh, the capital village of the Omani merchants, reached by a march of 600 miles from the coast. After a halt, for the purpose of recruiting their party, which, from various vexatious causes of delay, detained them for more than a month, they pushed onward to Nisene, a mass of detached settlements, where the climate was peculiarly unhealthy, and Captain Burton was seized by an attack resembling paralysis, induced by the miasmatic air of the district. The habits of the mixed population here appear to be more than usually degraded, and the industry of the place is confined to manufacturing a few cotton cloths, coarse mats, clay pipe-heads, and ironmongery.

"All the feminine part of the population," says Captain Burton, "from the wrinkled grandmother to the maiden scarcely in her teens, assemble together, and, sitting in a circle on dwarf stools and logs of wood, apply themselves to their long black-bowled pipes. They smoke with intense enjoyment, deeply inhaling the weed, and exhaling clouds from their nostrils; at times they stop to cool the mouth with slices of raw manioc, or cobs of green maize roasted in the ashes; and often some earnest matter of local importance causes the pipes to be removed for a few minutes, and a clamour of tongues breaks the usual silence."

At length, after days of perilous and laborious marching, the travellers came within sight of the Great Lake, the goal of their enterprise. Let Captain Burton's own words convey his impressions of the scene:—"Nothing could be more picturesque than this first view of the Tanganyika Lake, as it lay in the lap of the mountains, basking in the gorgeous tropical sunshine. Below and beyond a short foreground of rugged and precipitous hill-fold, down which the footpath zig-zags painfully, a narrow strip of emerald green, never sere, and marvellously fertile, shelves towards a ribbon of glistening yellow sand, here bordered by sedgy rushes, there cleanly and clearly cut by the breaking wavelets. Further in front stretch the waters, an expanse of the lightest and softest blue, in breadth varying from thirty to thirty-five miles, and sprinkled by the crisp east wind with tiny crescents of snowy foam. The back-ground in front is a high and broken wall of steel-coloured

\* "Iron is picked up from the sides of low sandstone hills. The smelting furnace is a hole in the ground, filled with lighted charcoal, upon which "the utandive" is placed, and, covered with another layer of fire, it is allowed to run through the fuel. The blast is produced by mafukutu (bellows); they are two roughly-rounded troughs, about three inches deep by six in diameter, hewn out of a single bit of wood, and prolonged into a pair of parallel branches, pierced for the passage of the wind through two apertures in the walls of the troughs. The troughs are covered with skin, to which are fixed two long projecting sticks for handles, which may be worked by a man sitting. A stone is placed upon the bellows for steadiness, and clay nozzles, or holous-canes, with a lateral hole, are fixed on to the branches to prevent them from charring. The hammer and anvil are generally smooth stones."

mountain, here flecked and capped with pearly mist, there standing sharply pencilled against the azure air; its yawning chasms, marked by a deeper plum-colour, fall towards dwarf hills of mound-like proportions, which apparently dip their feet in the wave. To the south, and opposite the long low point behind which the Malagarazi River discharges the red loam suspended in its violent stream, lie the bluff headlands and capes of Ugubha; and, as the eye dilates, it falls upon a cluster of outlying islets, speckling a sea horizon. Villages, cultivated lands, the frequent canoes of the fishermen on the waters, and on a nearer approach, the murmurs of the waves breaking upon the shore, give a something of variety, of movement, of life to the landscape; which, like all the fairest prospects in these regions, wants but a little of the neatness and finish of art—mosques and kiosks, palaces and villas, gardens and orchards—contrasting with the profuse lavishness and magnificence of nature, and diversifying the unbroken *coup d'œil* of excessive vegetation, to rival, if not to excel, the most admired scenery of the classic regions. The riant shores of this vast crevasse appeared doubly beautiful to me after the silent and spectral mangrove-creeks on the East African sea-board, and the melancholy, monotonous experience of desert and jungle scenery, tawny rock and sun-parched plain, or rank herbage and flats of black mire. Truly, it was a revel for soul and sight. Forgetting toils, dangers, and the doubtfulness of return, I felt willing to endure double what I had endured; and all the party seemed to join with me in joy."

It appeared to Captain Burton, from a careful investigation and comparison of statements, that the Tanganyika receives and absorbs the whole river system, the network of streams, nullahs, and torrents of this portion of Central Africa. The general formation suggests, as in the case of the Dead Sea, the idea of a volcano of depression. Judging from the eye, the walls of this basin rise to 2000 or 3000 feet above the water level. It lies almost due north and south, in form a long oval, in extent, as nearly as can be estimated, ninety miles. The water is sweet and pure, of a dull sea-green or clear soft blue. The periodical winds over the lake are south-east and south-west, and it is subject, to a certain extent, to tidal influences. Sixteen tribes inhabit the surrounding districts, all more or less sunk in the grossest barbarism, and cannibalism exists on the western shores of Tanganyika. Of one tribe, however, the Wabisa, our author is able to remark: "They are semi-pastoral, fond of commerce, and said to be civil and hospitable to strangers." Respecting the commerce of these regions, that existing at Uvira, the furthest point on the north-western shore, may be taken as a sample of the rest. Slaves, ivory, grain, bark-cloth, and ironware, are the chief exports, also the mawezi, or palm-oil, whose various uses in Europe render it an article of considerable traffic in these districts. The imports are ritindi (or coil bracelets), salt, beads, tobacco, and cotton cloth. The market varies with the numbers of caravans present at the depôt, the season, amount of supply, etc. There are many varieties of fish in the waters of this lake,

and the natives narcotize them with the juices of certain poisonous plants.\* The canoes are of the rudest description; clumsy, misshapen planks, forming, when placed side by side, a keel and two gunwales, the latter fastened to the centre-pieces by cords of palm-fibre passing through lines of holes. The want of caulking causes excessive leakage; the crew take duty as balesmen by turns, keeping up an incessant chorus of shouts and howls, which, mingling with the bray and clang of horns and tom-toms, rend the air till some approaching squall or thunderstorm keeps them silent in terror; then one or another will occasionally break the mournful stillness with the exclamation, "Yá mgúri wánje!"—"O, my wife!"

After a month's stay in these regions, the travellers commenced the 260 miles return march to Unyanyembe, and their homeward route to the coast diverged but little from the former track. It may be mentioned, however, that whilst halting at Kazeh, these indefatigable explorers determined to attempt a march northward to the Nyanza Lake, and ascertain its extent. Captain Burton's companion, Captain Speke, succeeded in reaching its shores; and though considerable doubt still rests on the accuracy of the estimate, its total length is assumed at 250 miles, and its breadth at 80. Whether the Nile derives its sources from this reservoir seems still to remain a secret, reserved for the fortunate discovery of some future traveller. It will be found that Captain Burton, although no missionary, like Dr. Livingstone, possesses in the highest degree patience, resolution, and fortitude, and is moreover an excellent scientific observer.

Before concluding this sketch of the Lake Regions in Central Africa, let us glance at a few practical conclusions arrived at by the explorers, concerning the capabilities for commerce in the interior. In a land abounding in timber and iron, and where there are but few engineering difficulties to encounter, the construction of a tramroad from the coast will be the first step towards material improvement. The copal mines will be inefficiently worked, till European industry and energy is brought to bear on the native population. The ivory trade can only be rendered lucrative by an improved mode of conveyance from Ugogo and its encircling deserts, now so abounding in elephants; the trade in cattle is capable of extensive development; and above all, the cultivation of the cotton-plant, which is indigenous in the more fertile regions, and which rivals in fineness, firmness, and weight, the medium staple of the New World, would open up a large and profitable source of wealth. "Here," says our author, "as in Europe, the battle of protection has still to be fought; and

\* "The Lakists are an almost amphibious race, excellent divers, strong swimmers and fishermen, and vigorous ichthyophagists all. At times, when excited by the morning coolness and by the prospect of a good haul, they indulge in a manner of merriment which resembles the gambols of sportive water-fowls: standing upright and balancing themselves in their hollow logs, which appear but little larger than themselves, they strike the water furiously with their paddles, skimming over the surface, dashing to and fro, splashing one another, urging forward, backing, and wheeling their craft, now capsizing, then regaining their position with wonderful dexterity. They make coarse hooks, and have many varieties of nets and creels."

here, unlike Europe, the first step towards civilization, namely, the facility of intercourse between the interior and the coast, has yet to be created." Nor should we lose sight of the inestimable blessings it is in our power to bestow as Christian merchants, naturalists, or philosophers, on the unenlightened African. Recent events in another continent have painfully taught us the truth of Dr. Livingstone's conviction, namely, that "those two pioneers of civilization, Christianity and commerce, should ever be inseparable."

## THREE EVENINGS.

TRANSLATED FROM THE GERMAN.

1615.

A FEW hundred paces from the last houses in Versailles stood an agreeable-looking country mansion, behind which was a tolerably spacious garden, in which were to be seen fruit trees and vegetables. It was evident that the garden was more for useful than ornamental purposes, for only in the vicinity of the house were a few small beds appropriated to flowers. Versailles was not, at the time we are speaking of, a royal residence: it was merely a small country town, with all the dullness generally to be found in such places.

The sun of a beautiful spring evening shed its soft rays over the landscape, when two young girls were seen in the above-mentioned garden. One of them carried a young linden tree, the other a spade; both silently walked the alleys, whilst tear upon tear dropped from their eyes.

Arrived at a place free from trees, one of them, in silence, began to dig a hole, whilst the other looked on, weeping. Much fatigued by her work, she stopped, and said tenderly, "Weep not, Louise: I will visit thee soon."

"Ah, Marie!" cried Louise, letting fall the little tree, and embracing her, "when thou once depart for Germany, to that cold rough land, many, many miles away, then I shall never more see thee."

"But," replied Marie, "my husband has promised me; and then, too, dearest sister, thou wilt surely visit me in Germany: is it not true?"

"How couldst thou do such a thing," answered Louise, "as to bind thyself to a man who takes thee out of thine own country?"

"He is so good," said Marie, "so gentle, and yet so manly, that I love him; and when one is in love, there is no ground to fix a resolution upon: one sacrifices everything for love. Still, had I known how painful it would have been to take leave of beautiful France, I could not have said 'yes' so readily. It is hard, indeed, being obliged to separate from the familiar haunts of one's youth, and from the sky under which from infancy we have enjoyed ourselves. When I am far away, my thoughts will often return to this place."

She paused a moment, and then continued: "Come, let us chase away these melancholy thoughts. This linden tree, which I now plant to my memory, as long as it grows and thrives, will be a token to thee that I am happy; when thou fosterest it, thou wilt give me pleasure."

"It will be my favourite," answered Louise; "if

it does not thrive, it will not be for want of care. And to-morrow, so soon as to-morrow, thou partest. Oh, beg of thy husband to remain a few more weeks."

"It is impossible," replied Marie; "my husband is called by duty to his country: he says that from his love to me he has already been detained too long in France. At length all obstacles were removed, and our wedding took place yesterday; he has given me this day to take leave of all my friends, but to-morrow we must depart."

Marie again resumed the spade, and the little tree was soon planted. Both girls plentifully covered the root with fresh earth, and many tears were shed during this time. With a sentiment that may be excused under the circumstances, they fancied that those tears operated to make the tree flourish.

1715.

In the most remote part of the palace gardens at Versailles stands a thick arbour, whose shady sides lean against a lofty linden tree, underneath which a round stone table is to be seen. It was on a sweet summer's evening that a young man, with light hair and richly dressed, stood on this table, and cut a name on the bark of the tree. The name of "Clara" was produced by his knife. Retreating a step, he complacently contemplated his work, and smilingly repeated "Clara;" he then carved under it the letters O. v. F. The sun gradually sunk in the midst of his occupation, and from time to time the young man attentively listened, as if he expected the arrival of some one. Suddenly he heard light steps quite close to him.

"You come late, dearest Clara," said the young man, when she at length arrived; "I have been long awaiting you."

"Forgive me, my Otto," replied Clara; "the service of the princess detained me: we maids of honour are very much tied by our office. Did the time seem long to you?"

"How could that be possible," said Otto, "when I was thinking of you? besides, I made an occupation for myself: look at this;" and he showed her the freshly-carved name.

"How heedless!" observed Clara, rating him soundly for his folly and indiscretion.

"There is no danger," said the young man; "for Clara may be the name of several of the court ladies, and I only cut the initials of my own name. Who will think, from these letters, of the bashful German youth Otto von Flüeln, who was sent to the French court to learn manners?"

"But why cut it on this tree?" demanded Clara, "of which so many various stories are told, and to which a certain legend is attached? Who knows whether it is a good or bad omen for us?"

"A legend," said Otto: "do tell me all about it. I like much to hear of such things."

"Thus runs the story," replied Clara. "When the king was building the castle and laying down the park, all the houses and gardens which then stood on the square were purchased and added to the royal grounds to make place for the new plan. This linden tree, along with all the others which stood here, was doomed to be cut down. An old

lady having heard of the order, went in haste to Le Notre, who was arranging the plan, and entreated of him to spare this tree. Le Notre told her it was impossible, as, according to his plan, an open space was to be left just at the place where the tree stood. On being thus repulsed, the lady went with her petition to the king, who kindly listened to her. She told him that the tree had been planted by a dear sister, that she herself had nursed it, and that it had become dear to her as a memorial of her far-distant sister, whom she had never since seen. The king granted her request; Le Notre was obliged to make another plan; and so the linden remained the first-planted tree of the whole garden. The old lady was observed to be always sorrowful, and dressed in black. The people about the court have made all sorts of conjectures, and have founded many strange stories about this tree."

Otto, who had become pensive during this narration, now said: "It is strange; my grandmother was a Frenchwoman, and born at Versailles. A story is related in our family, that she planted a tree before she went with my grandfather to Germany, and that she never saw France again, although she cherished to the last moment of her existence a great love for her native country."

"What was her name?" asked Clara.

"Marie," replied Otto.

"Right," continued Clara; "Marie was the name of the old lady's sister."

1815.

The allied powers had advanced to Paris after the battle of La Belle Alliance. The Prussians had gone round about Paris, and entered from the western side by Versailles and Issy into the proud capital of France. The French offered every opposition by petty combats. Useless, however, were these skirmishes, which cost the life of many a brave soldier. At last all resistance was given up. On the 3rd of July an agreement was made for an armistice, and the allies entered Paris for the second time as conquerors.

It was in the afternoon of the 6th of July that a few Prussian officers sat in a remote arbour of the palace gardens at Versailles. Well-filled bottles of rare French wines stood before them on a stone table. They were victors, and after the hardships of war the thought of sweet repose in their happy homes smiled upon them. Suddenly a rifleman advanced towards the gay young men; his step was slow, his countenance serious. The officers sprang up, eagerly inquiring the cause of his dejected appearance.

"I bring," he said, "news of death; our Otto is no more."

The officers resumed their seats in melancholy silence. Otto had been a dear comrade to them. In the fray near Versailles, he had fired nearly the last shot on the flying enemy; before two hours had elapsed he was dead.

"We were already rejoicing," continued the rifleman; "and poor Otto had arranged such pleasant plans for the future, when his studies should be finished. If he had fallen in open battle, at Ligny

or Belle Alliance, it might have been endured; but to perish thus, in this last unnecessary skirmish, pains me. Poor fellow! he was the last of his race; no mother, no sister to weep for him. But he had friends in us, and we all deeply feel his loss. Surely he is not to lie in the pit on the field, surrounded alike by friend and foe, without his grave being known, and no friendly hand to adorn it with a simple wreath."

"It must not be," replied a young officer, "it must not be; the brave youth was dear to, and valued by all of us: let us give him a proper grave; it is the last and only thing we can do for him."

"But how? where?" demanded another; "we must leave this spot to-morrow for Paris. Who knows how soon the chances of war may take us too?"

"Then it must be immediately; let it be done now," answered the young officer; "let us bury him here in this arbour. We will take up this stone table, and prepare his last resting-place under it. The table will be his monument, and for the inscription, we will cut his name on this old linden tree."

"The thought is good," said the rifleman; "and truly the park of Versailles is a fit resting-place for a Prussian conqueror; besides, he will then be laid in maternal soil."

"In maternal soil?" demanded one of the officers.

"Yes," continued the rifleman; "I have heard poor Otto say that a great great grandmother of his house was born in France."

In the evening of that day, several Prussian officers carried a plain coffin into the arbour. They were accompanied by the friends and comrades of the fallen one. The grave was dug by gloomy torch-light, and the stone table again put in its proper place. No one would have thought that a grave was there. As they raised the torch to cut the name of the departed on the aged linden, they were amazed at finding, in old overgrown letters, O. v. F. on the bark of the tree.

"Strange!" said the rifleman; "the inscription is older than the grave. We want nothing more. Besides us, no one must know of this affair; these letters can signify what they may, but for us, who know the secret, they will mean Otto von Flüch."

### THE SAILOR BOY'S BIBLE.

We find the following incident narrated in an interesting little volume\* by the Rev. C. P. McCarthy, clerical secretary to the Naval and Military Bible Society. The operations of that useful Society among our soldiers and seamen are described in an animated manner, along with personal recollections of African and seafaring life.

"I have been a sailor for many years, and have served in both the naval and merchant services; in the latter service I filled the position of chief officer on board a large vessel in Old Calabar, on

\* "The Word and the Sword." By the Rev. C. P. McCarthy. Seeleys. The profits of sale devoted to the Society.

the coast of Africa, at a time when 'Yellow Jack' (fever) was committing fearful ravages amongst our poor fellows. It was my melancholy duty to go down each morning to the lower deck to see if any had died during the previous night. On one occasion I was fulfilling this sad but necessary duty, and after passing from hammock to hammock on that portion of the deck appropriated to the sick, I was grasped by a cold and clammy hand, and turning, I beheld a dying shipmate, for whom no earthly hope could be entertained, as he exhibited all the symptoms of having reached that crisis in this fearful disease known as the 'black vomit.' With great effort he was able to address me; and in a tone of voice so unearthly and pitiful as even to arrest and rivet the attention of many sufferers around him, he said, 'Oh sir, for God's sake, let some one read the Bible to me, for I'm dying; if you pass the word, sir, surely some one will have a Bible.' I immediately did so, but not a single seaman in the ship had a Bible. However, a little boy, who was an apprentice on board, came up to me and said, 'Sir, I have a Bible in my chest in the half-deck, and I will bring it and read for poor Richards, if you will allow me.'

"'God bless you, my boy,' said the dying man in reply, as I gave him the order to bring the Bible. During the time the little boy was bringing the Word of God, many of the sailors and Kroo-men collected round the hammock of the dying. They did not come to see the poor fellow die, for the sight of death there was a daily occurrence: it was, as one of the Kroo-boys expressed it, to see what 'dem good book do for poor Massa Richie, dat time he no ketchy toder place.' The apprentice returned in a few moments holding in his hand a small Bible; he came close to the dying man, and having opened the Bible at the third chapter of the Gospel of St. John, he read these words—'God so loved the world, that he gave his only begotten Son, that whosoever believeth in him should not perish, but have everlasting life.' All our attention was fixed on the dying man while these words were solemnly and quietly read. His countenance displayed the most anxious and earnest gaze I ever saw. The little boy was continuing to read when he was interrupted by the voice of Richards, exclaiming in a loud and excited tone, 'Stop, my boy, stop, read that again;' and again the boy read the words, 'God so loved the world, that he gave his only begotten Son, that whosoever believeth in him should not perish, but have everlasting life.' And again he was interrupted a second, a third, and a fourth time by the dying request—'Stop, my boy, stop, read that again,' until the struggling soul learned by heart these precious words, and the departing spirit, till it was emancipated from its earthly tabernacle, was employed in faintly articulating the sacred text, upon which, I believe, it was enabled with true faith to rest.

"After a short pause, I looked around and beheld the tears rolling down many a weather-beaten face, and observed even the dark countenances of the Kroo-men to turn pale. This pause was disturbed by a Kroo-man looking into our faces and

saying, 'Whitey man he cry when him broder die happy and go for toder place.' It is difficult, and I may say impossible, to describe the solemn impressive awe which pervaded the whole circle from the time the Bible was introduced. It made a lasting impression upon myself, which was considerably increased in intensity when I subsequently learned that that Bible was the gift of a widowed mother to her only child, on his parting with her in Liverpool. Often, months after, when keeping my watch and walking the deck, that entire scene came before me; and my heart is now but too anxious to testify how God hath mercifully dealt with my soul in conversion through this incident, and by the power of his grace on these words—'God so loved the world, that he gave his only begotten Son, that whosoever believeth in him should not perish, but have everlasting life.'"

This narrative affords an instance of what one single copy of the Bible may achieve, when the blessing of God attends its reading. The day of the great assize alone will tell how much good the reading of that text, so singularly chosen by the Spirit's teaching and direction, will have accomplished upon those others who were impressed, and have been lost sight of by the author.

## Original Fables.

### RUBY AND DROVER.

"WHAT right has a vulgar fellow like you to walk by us?" said a handsome pointer, named Ruby, to a sluggish shepherd dog, named Drover.

"The same right that you have to walk by me," answered Drover; "I suppose the road is broad enough for us all."

"Yes; but you ought to keep your distance, and not try to have it believed you are one of us."

"I don't wish any one to believe I am one of you, any more than you wish to have it thought you are one of us."

"A likely thing that I should wish to be thought one of you!" said the pointer with a sneer.

"And why not?" said Drover; "I see no such mighty difference between us."

"Pshaw! nonsense! you are a poor plebeian cur, that has to work for his hard fare; you are a scrub to look at; you have no other bed than a loft or a barn."

"Don't run away with idle fancies, friend," said Drover; "I am no poorer than you; I have, of my own, four good legs and a tough hide, a stout voice and a quick eye; I fancy you have no more. Then, as to work, I have to guard the sheep from wolves, and bring them safe home to the night-fold when they have wandered, which is as honourable employment, to my mind, as running with your nose on the ground after a poor partridge that is hardly a bite when it is caught. My fare may be hard, but it is plentiful. I am not kept on bread and milk at certain seasons, for fear my scent should be spoilt, as you are, but get whatever is going, from my master's basket, all days alike. When he has meat to give, he always shares it with me. Scrub as I am, I am considered very handsome by our people, and that's all I care about. My master would not change me for you, depend on it; and as to my bed, what does a bed signify to one who can sleep anywhere? However, I can tell you I am not chained in a kennel, like you and your friends; I am at liberty to lie all night on the warm hearth, where I can hear if a thief should lurk on the outside."

Ruby couldn't say much; but, looking superciliously

at Drover, he answered: "It's very well that you are satisfied with your condition; we are not all born to the same situation of life. I did not mean to hurt your feelings, and make you envious; no doubt you are very respectable in your way, and I am sorry for you that you are in such a condition."

"Pray keep your pity for those that want it. Let me now tell you a few things; you have left out the two great blessings of my life in which you have no share. In the first place, I am free. I know my work, and can do it; at all other times I can go in or out, run or rest, enjoy the common or the wood, sleep under the hedge or play by the brook-side with my friends. You go out to your work with a keeper, or with the Squire—mighty fine company, of course, and very genteel; but when your work is done, your pastime is over; you are kept up till you are wanted again—no liberty for you. You go, when you go, for your master's pleasure, and never for anything else. Then, again, you have many companions who are all as valuable as yourself, and your master hardly knows you by sight. All his dogs together are nothing to him but dogs. He would sell you all to-morrow, if he heard of a better breed, or better trained set. My master is my friend; he loves me; I am his companion; he talks to me, whistles to me, and trusts me as if I were one like himself. I don't believe he would think of selling me any more than his wife or children. And I love him; I love to hear his step above-head in the morning; I love to hear him cry, 'Now, old boy!' when he goes to work; I love to watch by his coat and basket when he leaves them to my charge; I love to work for him; I love to watch for him, and I wouldn't leave him for all the sops to eat and kennels to lie in, and gentlemen to hunt or sport with, in the wide world. Hark! I hear his voice; good morning; I can't stay to hear what you have to say." And off he was with a bound, his eyes glistening with delight, and his shaggy tail tossing in the air.

#### THE REFLECTIONS OF A PEACOCK.

"WHAT can the vicar be thinking of?" said a peacock that paraded the churchyard in melancholy mood. "He certainly is a man of bad taste, or he would consider me as the ornament of his parish."

Here he took as good a survey as he could of his tail, which he then spread out, and strutted up and down the middle path before the vicarage windows.

"There isn't a figure in the parish equal to mine. As to dress, let them show any of their fashions that come up to my plumes; and yet, directly I go into his garden, or even into the orchard, he sends the boy to hunt me out—nay, he raced after me himself, whip in hand. Very undignified indeed! He must be jealous; that's it, perhaps. He has only a few scanty white hairs for feathers on his head, while I have an exquisitely beautiful coronet. Poor man! Or perhaps he thinks his family will get a love of dress by looking at me; that may be it. It cannot be my voice that offends him; for I never let him hear it, as I know he is not fond of music—except when I am flying away from his whip. Why does he persecute me thus?" And, turning his head in every direction, to show his colours, and carrying his tail with much pomp, the peacock stalked again up and down the middle path.

Now it happened that Drover, the shepherd dog, had heard him soliloquizing as he was lying on the churchyard wall, and, just raising his head, he said, "Do you really want to know?"

The peacock turned, and, half offended at being so unceremoniously questioned, answered, "Yes."

"Well, then," said Drover, "it's neither more nor less than because you eat his gooseberries." Then he put his head down and went to sleep again, or rather into a waking doze.

The peacock was much mortified by this humbling solution to the mystery. In his heart he was well aware that it was the truth; but while he knew it, he wished to cover it to the world with reasons more honourable to

himself. He took care, when next he meditated aloud, to go where Drover could not hear him.

#### WHO'D BE A DONKEY?

"Who'd be a donkey?" said a smart-looking horse that was grazing in a meadow, under the hedge of which a heavily-laden donkey was picking up a thistle.

"Who'd be a donkey?" said a cow in the opposite meadow, looking at him through the gate.

"Who'd be a donkey?" said an elderly gentleman, dressed in black, walking in a reflecting manner up the road, his arms crossed behind his back, and his stick under his arm.

"Friends," said the donkey, with a very long piece of bramble hanging from his mouth, "you'll excuse my speaking while I am eating, which is not polite; but, in order to set your benevolent hearts at rest, I beg to assure you that I'd be a donkey."

"Well," said the horse, "there's no accounting for taste. I wouldn't. Do you mean to say that you prefer your ragged pasture out there to my delicate fare in here?"

"I never tasted yours," said the donkey; "mine is very pleasant."

"Do you mean to say, friend," asked the cow, "that you prefer carrying that heavy load to living at ease as I do?"

"I never lived at ease; I am used to my burthen," said the donkey.

"I should think, my poor fellow," said the gentleman, "you would be glad even to change places with your master, vagabond as he is. You would certainly escape beating and starvation; I see the marks on your poor head where his blows have been, and your ribs plainly tell what your ordinary fare is."

"Sir," said the donkey, "I am greatly obliged to you for your pity, but I assure you it is misplaced: my master is more of a brute than I am, both when he gets intoxicated and when he beats me. I don't like beating, especially about the head; but it is a part of my lot to bear it, and when the pain is past I forget it. As to starving, there are degrees in starvation; I am many points from the bottom of the scale, as you may see by the delicate piece of bramble I was finishing when you spoke. I believe my master, who cannot dine on a hedge, more frequently suffers from hunger than I do."

"Well, my friend," said the gentleman, "your philosophy is great; but that burthen must be too much for you; it is twice your size."

"It is heavy, sir; but who is without a burthen? You, sir, for instance—(pardon me; not for worlds of thistles would I bring you on a par with a poor donkey)—you are, as I should judge, the clergyman of this parish?"

"Yes," said the gentleman.

"And you have a family?"

"Yes; six children."

"And servants of course?"

"Yes; three."

"Dear me!" said the donkey. "Sir, excuse me again; but what is my burthen to yours? A parish, six children, and three servants?"

"Oh, but my cares are such that I am constituted to bear them."

"Just so, sir," said the donkey; "and my burthen fits my back. The truth is, sir, I believe, and I would recommend you (once more excuse me) to put it into your next sermon, that half, and more than half, of our wants are created; half, and more than half, of our miseries are imaginary; and half, and more than half, of our blessings are lost for want of seeing them. I learnt this from my mother, who was a very sensible donkey, and my experience of life has shown me its truth. With neither of my friends over the hedges would I change place, scornful as they look while I say it. As for you, sir, let me tell you that a thunderstorm, which will not touch my old grey coat, will spoil your new black one; and I advise you to run for it, while I finish my dinner."